

The Bardian

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1941

Four Pages

THE CHANGE

by Wesley Phillipson

It had been snowing all afternoon. Thickly and blown by an easy wind. The sky was so dark that the flakes seemed to fall from some place just a little above his head. There seemed to be no end to them.

He had left his house at three, and now it was four, or maybe after, and he was lost. That is he was not really lost; it was only a game he was trying, because he had felt lonely with no one to play with, and so he had decided to invent a way to pass the time. He had hit upon this. With imagination the game could be a lot of fun.

At first it had been hard to convince himself that he did not know where he was, because the buildings that he knew were all around him, and at that time the street signs on the tops of the lamp-posts had not yet been covered with snow. But slowly, as he walked not caring where he went, the landmarks he had learned so well lost all distinctness in his mind, he could no longer call the houses by their names, and the game was very real and exciting to him. He shuffled softly through the snow, and with his young free eyes he saw dangerous pitfalls which he skirted on carefully balanced feet, and the filling tracks of bear.

He had left his house at three, and now it was four and maybe a little after; he was cold and tired of the game and lonely, and he turned around, toward home. He went two blocks ahead, then one to the left, and along a white, familiar fence. He stopped with his hand on the gate, and then he looked up at a house that was not his. Just then all he felt was mild surprise and a small shame at his mistake. How stupid of him; the snow made everything alike. His house was the next one up the street. But it wasn't. He turned and looked around him in bewilderment, not yet with fear. Strange, it must be the next street. It was just that he had turned too soon.

And when he got to the next street it looked the same. White, and with the long fence before the houses. Not one of them was his. He ran back and forth, falling as his feet slipped with his haste, not quite able to believe that his home wasn't there.

Perhaps if he had been older, he would have laughed and called himself a fool again, but he was only seven, and now he was afraid. And the fear grew within him as the wind was growing in the stiff trees, until he was running into the white flurries, running without looking at the houses this time, because now all he wanted to find was someone to talk to, someone to tell him the way.

Far down the street he saw a small boy walking slowly, and he could hear the half-drowned sound of his whistling as he came nearer. It was Jimmy. He stopped running. He couldn't show his fear like this, and now that he had found another person in the storm that fear was smaller and easier to hide.

Jimmy looked up and saw him. "H'lo, Mark. No school if this keeps up. The bus won't run."

Mark swallowed nothing, and let his breath out slowly, pressing it first against the sides of his chest. "Hi, Jimmy. This is swell. I hope it doesn't stop until Sunday night. We might miss a whole week that way."

They stood there talking for a moment, until they got too cold from standing still, and then Jimmy said goodbye and walked off down the street. Mark did not watch him go; he started for the corner, feeling the fear creep back into him, and when he was almost there, he knew that he couldn't stand being alone anymore, and turned to run after Jimmy. The wind drove the snow hard into his face, and he squinted his eyes narrowly against its sting. When he was quite close, Jimmy heard the sound of his running, and he stopped to wait for

(Continued on page 4)

DR. IRVILLE FAY DAVIDSON

Two days after Christmas a gray-haired, soft-spoken little Scotchman died very quickly in the Baptist Hospital in New Orleans. This was Dr. Irville Fay Davidson, old friend of St. Stephens and Bard, professor of Latin here for forty years.

To fully realize the proportions of this man who was an important cog in the machinery of the college for more than half the span of its present lifetime, one must go back to St. Stephens days when the classics cut a big swath for themselves. Joining St. Stephens in 1898, as instructor of Latin and Greek, he became professor in 1913, served as Dean (1918-23) and as acting president in 1919. To the men who came here to study for the clergy, Dr. Davidson was a force to be reckoned with, for then either Greek or Latin was a compulsory item in the curriculum. Bard students did not know him so well.

Like many scholars of classic civilization, he plummed the antiquities for a substantial part of his living philosophy. His was the middle path, yet it did not bar him from a quiet firmness in his convictions. A humanist, he favored the slow evolution as the key to the good society rather than violence and radicalism. Cautious, conservative, like a Scotchman, he went briskly about his affairs, accumulating in an unostentatious manner the respect and affection of all who had contacts with him.

Besides his duties in the seminar, and for a short time as administrator of the

college, he worked intensively in his spare moments, usually ensconced in his easy chair with his Latin dictionary beside him. In a somewhat formal vein he was a facile writer. Also he took time out to travel extensively living for a time in Athens, and on sabbatical leave studying Greek and Roman antiquities in Italy.

Behind what seemed to be his reticence lay a sharp wit and a fondness for people. He liked to take a drink when he thought it would do some good. But he never overdid it. His interests and associations were by no means confined to Annandale. He had a membership in the Classical Association of the Middle Atlantic States, in the American Philological Association, the American Association of University Professors, and in the Appalachian Mountain Club.

Yet, on the other hand, Annandale was his home. He lived here and became a part of the scene. Here he received his A.M. degree in 1907, and an L.H.D. in 1914 besides an A.M. received from Chicago in 1908. Here the full arc of productive years delineated itself, so that last June, when he was finally retired, it was like digging up some indigenous plant.

This December he went to New Orleans for his vacation. On the day after he had registered at the Hotel Monteleone he was taken with pneumonia and removed to the hospital. This was on the twenty-fourth. Two days later he died attended, by a nurse and an interne.

"RICHARD PRYNE"

A Review

The historical novelist of today cannot rely on blood and thunder alone to carry his book through. Cooper did that. Now people are reading Cooper to their children.

Modern demands on historical fiction arrange themselves into three groups. There must be dramatic impetus, valid canvassing of the thoughts and manners of the period that is being handled, and a dominant point of view.

All of these three elements are present in Mr. Cyril Harris' new novel of the American Revolution, *Richard Pryne*. This is the story of a man whose name appears occasionally in General Washington's correspondence with Major Benjamin Talmadge in connection with certain undercover communications between American Army Headquarters and New York City. All that is known of Robert Townsend are a few exploits that Mr. Morton Penny-packer brought to light in 1939 in his book *General Washington's Spies on Long Island and in New York*. After the war he disappears from the annals. What caused him

to choose obscurity when his services to the colonial army seemed to warrant a public office later on forms the central artery of Mr. Harris' story.

Richard Pryne (Robert Townsend), after having been released from a British prison after the battle of Brooklyn Heights, swears to the enemy that he will never again take up arms against His Majesty. Going home to Oyster Bay, he finds himself broke and despondent until one day he meets his old friend, Ben Talmadge, who starts him along his career as a spy in New York City.

Richard Pryne is no Jack Dalton who with spontaneous valor leaps to heroism. He is a vigorous young man who seeks assertion because his native energies demand it. Neither is he one who finds a super abundance of nourishment in his job. Throughout the book we are made to believe that what he has to do he wants to do quickly and get it over with; that the greater battle is to come after the last cannon has been fired.

This book then is no account of a superman and his super exploits. It is the story of normal people living in a difficult time. It is a document of the ideas, manners, conversation, and motivations of a period, all the way from the Tory farmer who must turn smuggler in order to keep from starving, to the germ of what we call the American middleman.

Behind the turbulent scene of New York City in these times, behind the adventures of Richard Pryne, there lies the query, "what is war? Why must it be, and when shall it end?" We see the unrest, the humbling, and the dilemma of human beings. We see them wanting normality again. The final paragraph of the book states this in powerful prose. That there is a greater dignity, a greater character in the efforts of human beings to live together than in their destruction of each other.

Richard Pryne is every inch as valuable a book as *Oliver Wiswell* and not nearly so long. There are occasions when it drags, when it wants for dramatic impact, but on the whole it is an alive and edifying work, saying strong things pertinent not only to 1776 but to 1941.

—J. W.

KALEIDOSCOPE

The success of the prom weekend is in the past, and many thanks are due to the fraternities for providing the largest, and probably best, portion of the weekend's entertainment . . . "Thunder Rock," scheduled for presentation this weekend, has been postponed a week not because it wasn't ready but because it was so good that Director Morrison felt that it would be a shame if it were not done to perfection . . . From now on, it is Dr. Artinian. He received his Ph. D. from Columbia, doing his thesis work on Guy de Maupassant . . . Dr. Gray has also added a new title, Scout Charles Harold Gray. He is head of the Dutchess County Boy Scouts. Why not a Scout festival? . . . Added to the accomplishments of our faculty is Mr. Harris' "Richard Pryne," which received some very complimentary reviews, especially in *The New York Times* . . . Kappa Gamma Chi's new officers are: president, Robert Aufricht; vice president, Gabor Aufricht; and secretary, George Palmer. John Atherton has been added to their membership . . . John Dunn has joined the Eulexians . . . Recently elected officers of the Sigs are Greeley Wells, president, and Jim Kruger, vice president . . . The Science Club has elected Stew Armstrong president. Joe McNair is vice president and Karl Schleicher is secretary . . . The intercollegiate ball plans are continuing to make great progress, with almost one hundred cards and letters received from other colleges, most of them expressing very definite approval of the idea . . . The Glee Club members are showing more interest than ever before in singing. Cynics claim that it is due to the fact that they will be collaborating with Vassar in the very near future . . . Bard politicians had a chance to see the real McCoy in Albany last week. The Government and Politics class took in the political activities at the State Capitol . . . Bard's physical plant continues to be improved with the addition of the fluorescent lighting system in the art studio. The library lights are being held up because of a shortage of aluminum . . . Dean Gray goes on the radio Sunday over Station WGN. He'll be speaking on The Professor's Easy Chair series on the subject of "What Do Our Neighbors Know About Economics?" . . . The Eulexians are still leading the basketball league with four victories and one defeat. The Hale-coached Sigs knocked them from the path of the undefeated, and showed that all is not lost as long as hope exists. Linc Armstrong and Rod Karlson are the heavy scorers . . . The Kaps have just about clinched the first half of the bowling schedule. There's still a mathematical possibility that the Help might tie them, but the probabilities are non-existent. Alexander, R. Aufricht, and Karlson have the high average games. L. Armstrong has the high single game, Alexander high three games, and the Kaps the high match score.

BRAINS NOT BEAUTY

by Tony Hecht

Since the weekend of the prom has proven rather ineffectual, The committee is preparing for a program intellectual. Though the plan, it seems, is only in an embryonic stage, We're convinced it will be perfect before it comes of age. Now directly after breakfast you will punctually start; You begin attending classes on insanity of art. You will dabble with an air brush, you must really make it give; You will take a hunk of granite and you'll try to make it live. You will hammer and you'll chisel in an abstract sort of way, But remember, little student, you have just begun your day. After carving naked Venuses, reminding you of Minsky,

(Continued on page 3)

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COUNTERPOINT

After the success of the Music Festival last fall it appears that the opportunity for a common ground for the exchange of undergraduate work is a desirable thing. This on a small scale is a step toward the establishment of lines of communications for better understanding. And it is gaining a foothold in an important place. The sooner people begin to open themselves to the ideas of others, and to investigate them calmly the more informed and socially competent they will be. That such a move takes place in colleges today gives us conviction that there are still constructive forces at work in the world.

If we were to state what is the aim of society we would immediately say, that formula by which people are able to live together with the least harm to all. A synthesis of loose parts, and the world is one happy household. It is paradoxical that what we desire is in mortal terms an unhealthy condition. Parallels are very monotonous. Put beside each other they have no identity. Love the happy household, comfort all the things that human beings dream about and around which they base their ideologies are, in the extreme sense, parallels. So there must be hate, destruction. There must never be a happy household and a world of complete parallels among mortals. When that comes we had better give up being mortals and move into heaven.

Better let us say we want a world where there is the most possible understanding, where people live together as well as they can with enough failures to delineate good from bad. Where always there are some alien forces coming to grips.

Let us never strive for a complete and ultimate goal. For living people there is no such thing. Let us be aware that evil evaluates good. That is why we can appreciate The Music Festival and similar functions in these times.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE BARDIAN:

This is partly in rebuke of you and partly as a practice for myself in writing obituaries. The rebuke, of course, is not strong because I know it would have been out of line with your new-born and enthusiastic spirit of future progress to waste space on an echo of the past. However, if you will allow a little sentiment in a cynic of '40, there is a word to be said about Dr. Davidson.

As you once knew and have now forgotten, he died in New Orleans on December 27 of last year. His mature life, I imagine it can be said, began and ended at Annandale; and, the close being within

the memory of all of you save the freshmen, he would seem to have deserved some last local notice before oblivion.

A review of his life and activity is out of question for many reasons: having studied regularly and alone with him for four quick years, I know too little of his history; besides his work, his interests, and his feelings were scarcely compatible with the modern trend at Bard. The few things I could remark which might make for eulogy are from the latter years which I saw: how he loved to walk and bowl and be away from crowds; how he knew Latin thoroughly; and the modest sensitiveness which seemed almost to dominate him, to keep him alone and lonely, and to increase by confinement any passion—bitter or sweet—that he felt.

It is all the more regretful that, when he left his only home—in Annandale—not more than a handful could have honestly missed his unobtrusive presence. Did he miss his lifelong surroundings? Only the Reading Period: "I have ten days (for a vacation in New Orleans)" he wrote me on December 20, last, "in place of the six or seven weeks, and down here is just where it would come in handy."

WILLIAM F. RUEGER.

A Letter From Dr. Davidson's Nurse To His Son, John

Dear Mr. Davidson:

There isn't much I can tell you about your father in the hospital. I only talked to him a little about himself the first night and after I came on duty the second night the interne and I were busy giving him medicine and there was not an opportunity to talk with him about anything personal. He did tell me the first night that I was with him (Thursday) that he was here alone and he wanted me to come back the next night because it was nice to have somebody to talk to. Before that I thought your mother was with him and at the hotel. He said no, that she was in the North and he had been in Atlanta and thought that because of its mild climate New Orleans would be a nice place to spend Christmas. He said that he had a slight cold before leaving Atlanta and that it was much worse when he arrived here Monday.

Tuesday he was brought to the hospital and he seemed to have a bad case of flu, but was not seriously sick. His condition seemed to change Friday, but I don't believe he ever realized or worried about his condition. He never gave me that impression.

Dr. Stadium wired Mrs. Davidson when he became worse, but he wasn't in a dying condition then and up until five minutes before he passed away he was apparently no worse. A few minutes before he died he was pulling himself up in bed and I told him not to and to save his strength, that I would get the orderly to pull him up. He said, "All right, I guess you'd better because I can't breathe so good this low in bed." Even as he said this a change came over him and I called the interne who came immediately and gave him stimulants and artificial respiration, but with no success. He was gone. I am sure he never realized he was going. It came over him so suddenly.

I know it's poor consolation to you and I am very sorry you all were not there when it happened, but I hope that when my mother and father go it will be as gentle as his passing was. It was like a fleeting shadow. I have seen too many people linger in an unconscious condition beyond hope and seeing them dying for days breaks the hearts of their loved ones.

I know it is very hard either way. Believe me when I say it upset me terribly. Contrary to the common belief we nurses and doctors have never become accustomed to death.

I hope that in some way I have been able to comfort and ease your mind.

Very sincerely,

(signed) Nancy Ringham

LOOKING AROUND

Two weeks ago the professors gave their views of aid to Britain and American foreign policy. Now, two students wish to delve into the ramifications of the ideas expressed by the leading interventionists, Doctors Smith and Edwards.

At the outset we would like it to be plainly understood that we speak as Christians, not as pacifists or Conscientious Objectors. Furthermore, we believe in free speech and a free press, and feel that this may be our last chance to express ourselves before the government undertakes to do our thinking for us.

Our argument is obviously with Doctors Smith and Edwards, two men for whom we have the utmost regard, and to whom we have always gone for help and advice. Now, however, unfortunately we find ourselves at great odds with them on the question of "Aid to Britain," and how and what should be done about things in general in the present world crisis. Assuming that the college is acquainted with their viewpoints as well as the environmental reasons of their attitudes,—we now desire to go into the argument.

Both learned doctors agree that there is no danger of the United States being invaded by a foreign power after the present war. In so doing they invalidate all argument for giving aid to the British at the present time. How do we figure that? We figure that they referred to a military invasion and everybody knows that we are not going to be invaded with guns and bombs. If this were all there were to it, any American would say, "Let's put our house in order and not get involved in another useless war." Unfortunately these interventionist professors foresee, by their statements, the country embroiled in the war. Not a defensive but an offensive war. Dr. Edwards says, "Sooner than have that condition (the condition in the totalitarian states) exist in the United States, I would fight." Well, where? Since an invasion is absurd for a foreign country to attempt, the good doctor must have a longing to see the Wilhemstresse: but perhaps he is too old. Of course, they may believe that an invasion will not be military. Then they must believe that Hitler's only hope of invading this nation is through undermining our Democratic form of government. It seems to us that the increasing regimentation of the United States through draft registration, peacetime conscription, alien registration, defense priorities, voluntary press censorship, and an increasingly bureaucratic and authoritarian national administration are trends toward a native Fascist state, a result much more dangerous than any German espionage or economic weapons. Why not build, strengthen and protect the Democracy we have already in the United States?

We repeat that we are Christians. And one of your writers feels that he can thank Dr. Edwards for a great deal of teaching in this way of life. This writer has considered Dr. Edwards his most valuable guide and influence in all his college development. Here is a man who has always seen two sides to every question; a man who has said war can never prove anything; has taught the belief that love is the only true force on earth, and has expressed a constant belief in the brotherhood of man. Dr. Edwards is a clergyman, and ostensibly believes in the Ten Commandments and the words of Jesus Christ. He did not merely turn over a "leaf" in the College Meeting; he turned over the entire bible. We are sorry, Dr. Edwards, if we have taken your teachings more seriously than you meant them.

In the past Dr. Edwards has always sworn by the teaching of the truth. Under the pressure of the propagandists of the last war he was forced to adopt extreme measures in order to be allowed to continue to hold his professorship. And he continued to teach the truth, even though the truth was colored by the fact that he had selected all the bad and omitted the good parts for his lectures dealing with the German people. After the war he returned

to his uncolored and honest teaching. But here we are in another war crisis and Dr. Edwards has turned again. When Dr. Edwards says he "would fight" he is contradicting everything that he has led his students to believe in the past decade. We blushed when he used to tell us of his method of getting around the propagandists during the last war; we blush again now.

We quote Dr. Edwards again: "A worse thing than death is not having anything you believe in hard enough to die for." We will give you two phrases for which we believe hard enough to die. One: *Do not render evil for evil, but rather, good for evil.* Two: *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.* (And we hope you will notice that we have not had enough religious training to make exact quotations). And yet, we do not believe that our plight is as sorry a one as that of those who profess the same beliefs set forth by Dr. Edwards in his speech. We would rather die than see the same sort of transformation that has taken place in Europe take place here, as Dr. Edwards has professed. But we don't believe in his method of prevention. Why? Because men like Dr. Edwards have taught us that murder is never right. Even if they won't, we are determined to stick by their guns. For one reason because (and we disagree with Dr. Edwards again) we *are always* at liberty to make up our minds about anything we want to, and this includes aid to the British.

Dr. Smith says, "I think we should be justified in fighting before we saw the balance of powers change so adversely." In "student's English" England might get licked; let's declare war on Germany and change the world order." Doctor, have you realized what transformation will happen to this country if we enter the war? M-day is no mere figure of speech; not only will our present emergency measures become permanent but other additional restrictions, mainly upon the Bill of Rights, will be imposed. Must the totalitarian form of government you so violently oppose be instigated in this country as a result of the war? We believe then, Sir, that your cozy position today of persuading people to "aid" Britain will be supplanted by one—in ten years—of persuading people to save the United States. We believe that a government which had control of the press, of freedom of speech, and thusly of thought, and had conscripted labor and general man-power would be much quicker to accept its brother form of government (Germany) than such a government as we had five years ago. We despise totalitarianism and feel that by remaining free from the devastation, internal and external, of war this country will do more to uphold the banner of democracy than by a policy of intervention. As for England, will she ever be the same again? Or is that too poor an example?

In another instance Dr. Smith states, "We entered the war in 1917 not as a crusade but to maintain the balance of forces in the world." As in the previous statement he holds onto balance of forces. Thus it might be fair to draw from these statements the facts that he would have acted in the last war as he has in this one. Aid to England would have been desired by him and the declaration of war probably was cheered by him as a great step toward the preservation of democracy and British imperialism. Today we are concerned with a resurgence of the Great War which has caused a more potent conqueror than before to appear on the continent. Beneficial results from the last war were few indeed compared to its misfortunes economically through depression and particularly bloodshed. But to top it all off, Hitler arose from the debris of the war. And so another war. Animals profit from trial and error but why can't the human intellect? This present war is little different from the last except that we have a Hitler with a more powerful organization behind him. If we cannot stay as far away from the present situation as possible, we will soon be actively engaged in the war, Doctor. Perchance the future Hitler of this war generation is already among us.

(Continued on page 4)

MUSIC

by Theodore Strongin

On Monday, March 17, there will be a concert in Bard Hall by the largest ensemble of professional musicians that has come to Bard since I've been here. The Maverick String Quartet, assisted by Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinetist, will play Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. The quarter will play a Beethoven quartet, and Dr. Schwartz and Mr. Brand will play Dr. Schwartz's latest composition, a sonata for violin. It will be very pleasant to hear a concert by more varied instruments than in the past.

On March 15, the Bard Glee Club travels to Vassar for a performance of a cantata by Clair Leonard, Professor of Music at Vassar. The Bard Glee Club will also sing two motets by Dr. Schwartz.

It is now a week and a half since Mr. Buhler's musical visit. I hold even more strongly than I did in the last BARDIAN to the opinion that two full days of a lecturer are worth six weeks of one night stands. Mr. Buhler gave one formal concert, an informal lecture recital, visited classes and seminars, presided at one momentous swing session, and spoke informally with faculty and students.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the "Swing Session" at which Mr. Buhler presided. To me, criticism of it is justified only in the light of Mr. Buhler's purpose. I agree thoroughly with his purpose, which I understood as an attempt to prod the audience into analytical thought about what they felt and liked. Not that everything must be analyzed, but neither must everything be accepted passively. I believe that Mr. Buhler succeeded in stimulating thought in the direction of expressing in exact words exactly what swing is. I do not believe that the violent audience reaction was entirely justified, in spite of the method he used to achieve his end. His mistake, I think, was in assuming that his audience, of a very general nature, would have the scientific musical knowledge and interest to make a detailed analysis of swing music.

ART

by Theodore N. Cook

There is something vibrant and spontaneous about the exhibition of work in Orient Gallery from Putney School that invigorates one just to look at it. Its boldness and inventiveness shows the value of progressive art education.

Children's art within the past decade has been religiously studied by many artists, particularly by advanced modernists. These men have recognized the simplicity of approach and the freedom of expression possessed by children before they get it pounded out of them at academic art schools, and have tried to recapture these characteristics in their own work. The results have been debatable. Henri Matisse, who is the best known of these back-to-childhood artists, has come near to this goal, but he still is kept from complete victory by a veil of sophistication that seems to be difficult for a middle-aged man to penetrate.

Matisse's attempts along this line are largely responsible for the phrase often heard in art galleries: "My five year old son could do better than that!" Matisse would be the first to admit the truth of that statement, although he is not discouraged by such remarks. I, for one, cannot enjoy his work because it is too obviously artificial. One cannot paint like a child, even if that is a good thing for a mature man to want to do, if one is consciously striving to do just that. Good art never results from artificiality.

The beauty of the Putney work lies in its honesty. With the exception of a few drawings that are obviously a la Picasso and Matisse (ironically enough), there are no attempts to ape the style of any artist. The black and whites are especially strong. The parachutist hurling through the air, and the mass of men with uplifted arms and searching fingers are my favorites, although it is difficult to make a choice. As much as I like the work, I do not think that our adult artists should try to copy it. I think artists should have higher aims than to copy. They should become familiar with contemporary life and problems, and above all be themselves.

BRAINS NOT BEAUTY

(Continued from page 1)

You will rush around to Aspinwall and listen to Stravinsky.
You will sing a song of Delius, or hum a hymn of Hansen,
When you notice by your wrist watch that the hours are advancing,
You must beat it down to Orient in Costume and disguise,
And with Stanislavsky Morrison you will learn to improvise.
Be a dainty little flower, be a sturdy redwood tree,
Be a frozen little ice cube, be a lousy little flea.
Never hesitate a moment, but with genuine appliance
Gallop over to the buildings which contain the field of science.
In Hegeman all forms of life, particularly lower,
The amoeba, paramecium, and sev'ral protozoa
Will form the central topic of an int'resting debate,
Which will cover sev'ral ages at a stupifying rate.
Now the lit'rature division has a clever little scheme;
Everyone must bring to dinner a superbly written theme
Of exactly seven hundred words or more on anything at all,
And the best one wins a copy of the great "Decline and Fall."
Then the social studies group will hold an int'resting discussion
On the intermarriage problems of a Zulu and a Russian,
And from actual experience a speaker will explain
Why the birth rate in our nudist camps has made a steady gain.
There's an extra big surprise in store for ev'ry single one,
Which is sure to be exciting and provide a lot of fun;
After thoroughly discussing Sigmund Freud with Mr. Blohm,
We will meet and write some poetry in Albee Social Room.

ABOUT BEN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 1)

The fact is, his extraordinary wealth
Could not give Abou Johnson perfect health.
He grew to be exceptionally fat;
A heavy Occidental Plutocrat.
And when Abou Ben Johnson hit the road
His camel found the master quite a load.
No greater trader roamed the sandy seas
With such a Bactrian between his knees.
No human ever rode a better mammal
Than "Cleopatra," Abou's favorite camel.
But Abou could not keep from getting stout,
And poundage was accompanied by gout.
So Abou stayed on "Cleopatra's" back
Until her blooming spine began to crack.
Nor anything could make Abou Ben budge;
He sat and ate some Oriental fudge.
He sat complacently upon his rump
Between the camel's first and second hump.
Till finally the might of Allah struck;
Abou Ben Johnson found that he was stuck.
While wedged twixt "Cleopatra's" humps securely,
He ate some caviar and smiled demurely.
But "Cleo" couldn't stick it out much longer
For after all, she wasn't getting stronger.
Her spirit heard the solemn call of fate,
Pressed ever onward by her master's weight
She quietly and peacefully succumbed
The aching in her back was slowly numbed
The Camel Chief had tears in both his eyes;
In both his hands he held two Mango pies,
And when he found his Bactrian deceased,
He said, "At least she's facing towards the East."
Moral:
Some people will say, when a genius is dead,
That his ev'ry success always went to his head.
But it's better to spend your success on a launch,
Than to eat it, and have it all go to your paunch.

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THE CHANGE

(Continued from page 1)

him. Mark was crying, but Jimmy thought it was only the wind and so he did not say anything about it until he heard the sobs in Mark's throat.

"What is it, Mark? What happened to you?" And he waited for Mark to be able to speak.

"Jimmy, I'm lost. I've been lost for almost an hour, and I'm afraid. Please don't leave me alone, Jimmy. Please take me home." He could feel no shame now, his terror was too strong; it filled him.

Jimmy began to laugh. He thought Mark was joking. After all, what could be more ridiculous than for someone to get lost right in their own neighborhood and only a few blocks from his home. The laughter was cruel and horribly cold to Mark, worse than the wind and the hopelessly confusing snow. But there was no anger in him because of that laughter. There was no room for anything but fear. Jimmy stopped laughing, and asked Mark what kind of a stunt he thought he was pulling. And then he told Mark where his home was. "How can you make me believe you're really lost, when you only live two blocks down the street?"

Mark hesitated, unbelieving, for just a moment, and then he was off down the street, without another word to Jimmy.

This time the gate was the right one, and he had not turned too soon. This time here was where he lived. He threw open the front door and ran into the living room, where his mother was playing cards with three other women. He hardly even noticed them, and he went straight to her and put his arms around her, crying with his head tight against her breast.

She held him away from her so she could look into his eyes, and then she said, "Mark, why are you crying? Tell me. What happened? Did you hurt yourself?"

He was almost saying the whole thing to her, when he suddenly realized the presence of the three ladies. He wanted to tell her terribly, but he couldn't in front of them all, and besides he remembered the way Jimmy had thought he had made the whole thing up. If Jimmy couldn't understand what happened, how could his mother? She seemed so far away from him then. He thought he had never been so alone in all his life. Not even when he had been out in the storm. No, he could not tell her. He wondered if he would ever again be able to tell her about anything that was close to him. There was too much between them.

And with the tears already drying on his cheeks, he broke away from the hands that held him, and walked silently and with a sad new strength out of the room and then up the stairs.

LOOKING AROUND

(Continued from page 2)

As learned as you are, Doctor, can you expect us to take naively the spirit of your remark, "The consequence of a British defeat in the present conflict would be the first change in the balance of forces since we became a nation." One hundred and fifty years ago the French people, imbibing the spirit of revolution, ruled the continent of Europe. The British economically had us in the palm of their hand, witness the Jay treaty. And the Spanish empire stood threateningly at our Mississippi gates. If we have not witnessed a change in the balance of forces since that time, then we doubt that any possible defeat of Britain could materially matter to this country, especially since military invasion here is impossible. In Europe today there is no longer a French nation but a militant and strong Germany. English influence upon us has greatly lessened; while Spain has become a minor power. In the meantime, strong Asiatic powers as seen in Russia and Japan have materialized from nothing. As to balance of forces, we consider that in saying there has been no change in them since we became a nation, that you, dear Dr. Smith, are the naive one.

Linc Armstrong
John Shapiro

HOW TO MAKE GOOD

The Public Affairs Committee says, in "What it Takes to Make Good in College:"

"The student has a better chance to make good if he:

Safeguards his health.

Participates in athletics, even if he never makes a varsity team.

Has occasional 'dates.'

Keeps up a satisfactory religious worship not inconsistent with his science and philosophy.

Lives on the campus.

Studies as many hours daily as are required to finish assignments.

Learns how to make and keep a schedule of work, reading, recreation, exercise, and rest.

Makes his own decisions promptly.

Seeks competent advice without becoming over-dependent upon it.

Keeps track of his money.

Enlarges his reading interests, particularly in books.

Rides a hobby without letting it ride him.

Concerns himself with the larger community outside the campus."

IT'S NO GO CHESTERFIELD

Probably you need not be told this is the space ordinarily devoted to the Chesterfield advertisement.

Some of you already know why that advertisement is not included in this issue and why IT WILL NOT APPEAR IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES UNTIL THERE IS A CHANGE IN THEIR ADVERTISING POLICY. For those of you who are not acquainted with the facts, we will state them briefly in order that you may understand the action of THE BARDIAN.

We ask for your approval, for this is your paper and the possibility exists that because of the dropping of the Chesterfield account, THE BARDIAN may not be able to publish the regulation number of issues. We hope, however, that by cutting expenses to a minimum, such a stringency in our finances will not occur.

A letter from the National Advertising Service, which represents most college papers for national advertising, definitely implied that Chesterfield advertising might be withdrawn if its "suggestions" were not complied with. These "suggestions" are that four or five times a year we print free publicity releases along with Chesterfield's regular advertising and include, in addition, a schedule of Chesterfield's radio programs. These releases, disguised as news items, are sent to us ready-made. With the announcement of this demand came the first release, almost five hundred words in length.

With the policy of THE BARDIAN leaning away from the ordinary news article, the inclusion of such publicity would not only take up valuable space but would not be consistent with the other material in the paper.

Furthermore, there is the question of principle—most important. If we are going to allow ourselves to be told what we shall put in our news columns, then we ought to give up. With all this talk about a nation not being able to survive half slave and half free, we might just as well apply the same principle to a college newspaper. It is true that we are obligated to Chesterfield for \$150, but that obligation is satisfied when we print its advertising.

THE BARDIAN is not the only college publication threatened by Chesterfield's demands. From our own observations and from articles which have appeared in PM, we have learned that Chesterfield has made the same demands on college newspapers all over the country. The mimeographed letter, which we received from the National Advertising Service, follows:

"These publishing orders from Chesterfield advertising are issued your paper on condition you carry out the agreement in your letter to us which was a reply to our letter of January 29 which asked if, to

retain the Chesterfield account, you would:

- (1) Run News Releases on Chesterfield four or five times per year.
- (2) Arrange listings of Radio Programs, etc., etc.

"We sincerely trust you will help insure the continuance of this schedule by complying with your agreement for otherwise you risk cancellation. A News Release and Radio Program Listings are enclosed herewith. Review your letter and make sure you carry out your agreement. It is requested that you publish radio programs in every issue.

"We have been asked to show proof that you have fulfilled your agreement, therefore, do not rely on our chance of finding these articles in checking copies, but—in addition to sending us the usual required checking copies mark one extra copy with red pencil and mail to NAS in an envelope first class mail marked 'Attention Chesterfield.' This is most important."

(This letter was the result of an affirmative answer by our business manager, Thomas Marshall, to the original request. Mr. Marshall, believing that our resources must be guaranteed, answered immediately on his own responsibility, so that we would be assured of the revenue. The editorial staff, which not only can afford but must have certain policies on freedom of the press, did not see the first letter.)

According to an article which appeared in PM, 329 college papers have received the ultimatum, and to our knowledge, the Williams Record is the only one which has told Chesterfield that it will not comply with the demands. The Record reprinted the letter which we have used and replied to it in the lead editorial. It charged that the implications of the letter were contrary to the spirit of the postal laws, stating that "all editorial and other reading matter published in any such newspaper, magazine, or periodical for the publication of which money or other valuable consideration is paid, accepted, or promised shall be plainly marked advertisement."

Several alternatives were open to THE BARDIAN and all were thoroughly discussed before we decided that there was no best way to deal with the Chesterfield people, that it was best not to deal with them at all. No comment need be made about Chesterfield's actions. They speak for themselves.

Chesterfield sales in the Bard College Store for the month of February were \$64, although the reading period did not end until the tenth of the month. Sales, then, are more than \$3.50 per day—in the Bard College Store only. A fair estimate would be that Bard students and faculty spend \$1500 a year on Chesterfield cigarettes, but "the cigarette that satisfies" is not satisfied with such modest revenue.

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